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# HISTORICAL SKETCH,

—BY—

C. H. FASNACHT,

—AND—

# ORATION,

—BY—

E. K. MARTIN, ESQ.,

DELIVERED,

Dedication of 99th Pennsylvania Monument,

GETTYSBURG, PA., JULY 2, 1886.

LANCASTER, PA.:

EXAMINER STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINT  
1886.

On the 13th of December, 1882, the surviving members of the 99th Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers Infantry, met in the city of Philadelphia and organized a Veteran Association. It was resolved that the Association should meet on the 13th of December of each year for a reunion and on the 12th of May each year for an annual banquet. At this meeting a committee, with Col. W. M. Worrall as chairman, was appointed to collect funds and devise ways and means to erect a monument on the battlefield of Gettysburg. The money was contributed by members of the Association and their friends, and the monument erected near the Devil's Den, in the early part of June, 1886.

On July 2d, 1886, the monument was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. A large number of old soldiers from the 3d Corps were present, and also many comrades of the G. A. R. and citizens from Lancaster and Philadelphia. A history of the regiment from June 30th, 1863, to July 7th, 1863, was read by C. H. Fasnacht, Co. A., 99th P. V. V. The oration was delivered by E. K. Martin, Esq., late Co. E., 79th P. V. V., a member of the Lancaster Bar.

C. H. F.

*Lancaster, Pa., July 3d, 1886.*



## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

OVERTURE.—The Blue and the Grey, — BY THE BAND.

PRAYER, — By GEO. W. HACKMAN,  
Sergt. Co. B, 99th P. V. A.

REPORT OF CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE ON  
MONUMENT, — COL. W. M. WORRALL.

MUSIC—America, — BY THE BAND.

UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT.

PRESENTATION OF THE MONUMENT,  
By COL. AMOS W. BACHMAN,  
President of the 99th Pa. Vet. Association.

MUSIC—Star Spangled Banner, — BY THE BAND.

RECEPTION OF THE MONUMENT, — By J. M. KRAUTH, Esq.,  
Secretary Battlefield Memorial Association.

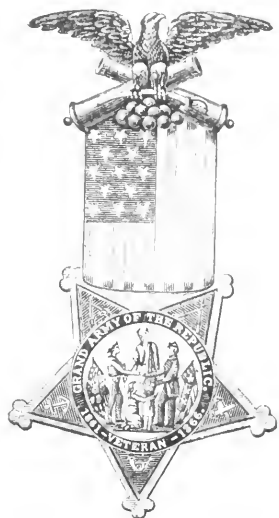
HISTORY OF THE REGIMENT FROM JUNE 30th  
TO JULY 7th, 1863, — By MAJOR CHAS. H. FASSACHT,  
Lancaster, Pa.

MUSIC—Hail Columbia, — BY THE BAND.

ORATION, — By E. K. MARTIN, Esq.,  
Lancaster, Pa.

SINGING— Rally Around the Flag Boys.

BENEDICTION, — GEO. W. HACKMAN.



# CAMPAIGN

OF THE

## 99th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, AT GETTYSBURG, PA.

Angels were sent from the sky, could not be swifter to the ear. The pomp and purple media of marshaled hosts not more beautiful to the eye, than was the spectacle of a lot of little school children who had left their class room, and under the marshal-ship of their only teacher, were standing on the porch of a country store, waving the stars and stripes, and singing the Star Spangled Banner, as our worn weary and foot sore regiment marched through the little village of Pinetown, on the road leading from Taneytown to Emmettsburg, Maryland.

Having already served two years in the front, away from homes and pleasures of civil life, this incident, occurring within the limits of the old slave border, on the eve of a great battle, was soul inspiring to the tired soldiers in our ranks, and made every breast heave with emotion. It was like a fairy-land fancy transferred into the atmosphere of that weary march. And right heartily did we give three cheers and dip our colors to these little loyal sons and daughters of "Maryland, My Maryland."

On this afternoon, June 30, 1863, the 99th Regiment Pa. Veteran Volunteer Infantry, being part of the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 3rd Corps, Army of the Potomac, arrived at Emmettsburg, Maryland; hard and severe marching having been done since the 11th of June, when the regiment broke camp on the banks of the Rappahannock, in front of Fredericksburg, Va.

Just twenty-three years ago yesterday—July 1st, 1863, the regiment with the rest of the 3d Corps, was thrown north of the town of Emmettsburg, and halted in the fields. Arms were stacked, no tents being put up, as every now and then during that day cannonading could be heard away in the distance towards the north.

And although Major General Daniel E. Sickles had orders to move with his, the 3d Corps, to a position on Pipe Creek, guided by the sound of the enemy's cannon, he decided to go to the assistance of General Reynolds, commanding the 1st Corps, and supposed to be at or near Gettysburg. About the middle of the afternoon of July 1st that well-known bugle call, "fall in," was sounded at headquarters, and taken up by all the regimental buglers in the corps.

In a very short time every soldier in the regiment was in his place in the ranks, and between three and four o'clock the 99th Regiment commenced the forced march to Gettysburg, twelve miles distance.

Col. Asher S. Leidy, having been wounded at Chancellorsville, and Lient. Col. Edwin R. Biles, having been taken sick some ten days before, were not with the regiment.

Major John W. Moore, than whom there was none more brave, was in command.

As the 99th passed out of the field to follow the troops already

on the march, Major Moore, who sat bold and erect on his horse, the very bean-ideal of a soldier, told each company commander as he passed by that the troops of the 1st and 11th Corps were fighting the enemy at Gettysburg, that Major General John F. Reynolds had been killed, and he likewise urged every man to keep well closed up. The news of the death of the noble Reynolds, and the knowledge that Lee and his army was in such a position that in all probability a great battle would be fought on Pennsylvania soil the next day, gave every man renewed strength and a determination to keep his place in line while on the march, and to be ready for the conflict on the morrow. As we got fairly under way, the pace was increased, and the booming of cannon became more distinct.

This fast and steady march, under the terrible rays of the sun, soon began to tell on the men. The line of march was beginning to be dotted with men who staggered from the ranks and had fallen, fainting, by the wayside. But our pace was not slackened. Louder and more distinct became the sound of the distant cannon. And "forward, men, forward," came the command from our officers as we pushed on. About three miles north of Emmettsburg, as we were thus going with a soldier's steady tramp-tramp, we passed a mounted staff officer, who informed us that we had just crossed Mason and Dixon's line, and were now on Pennsylvania soil. We could discover no sign or mark of the boundary line, but gave three cheers for the old Keystone State.

A few miles further on, the first evidences of a battle having been fought not far off became visible to us. Men, women and children, some on foot, some in wagons with a little furniture, bedding or provisions, made their appearance, fleeing from their homes, seeking a place of safety. Excitement and fear was de-

picted on the face of each one of these people, and some with tears in their eyes would tell us in a few words of the great battle fought that day, of the fearful loss of life in killed, wounded and dying, and how our troops had been driven back through the town. This was not very pleasant news. And yet this very sight, and this report from these people, who had been driven from their own homes by the invading foe, gave nerve, strength, and a determination to every soldier in the 99th Regiment to be prepared to do a soldier's duty on the morrow, to fight and die, if need be, in defence of our homes and our flag, to avenge the death of the brave Reynolds and his comrades killed that day. The regiment arrived near Gettysburg about 9 o'clock in the evening, tired, weary and footsore, having halted only two or three times, and then only for a few minutes, during the entire twelve miles' march.

With the rest of Ward's Brigade the regiment filed to the right of the Emmetsburg road, about midway between the Cemetery and the peach orchard.

The orders to halt were cheerfully obeyed by all the men who had been able to keep up. The men, being tired, cared little about running around hunting for water and building fires to cook coffee, but instead were soon lying down on the bare ground and slept for the night with their loaded arms beside them. Early on the morning of the 2d of July, soldiers could be seen in every direction. Gettysburg, a mile to the northwest, and the position that Lee and his army on Oak Ridge now occupied, was pointed out to us by some of the soldiers who had participated in the hard fought battle the day before. At about 8 o'clock A. M., the 99th Regiment, with the rest of General Ward's Brigade, was moved out in line to the left of the 2d Corps, and in the direction of Little Round Top.

But the ground there being low and unsuited for a strong defensive position, Gen. Sickles advanced the whole of the 3d Corps to the high ground along the Emmettsburg road to the peach orchard, and then towards the left in the direction of the wheat field and Little Round Top. While the regiment was lying in the rear of the wheat field, a detail of men under command of Lieut. Bonafon, was sent out as skirmishers. The skirmish line was advanced through the peach orchard and on across the Emmettsburg road. The writer hereof was on the extreme right of the skirmish line of Birney's division, connecting with the left of Humphrey's line, and while in this advanced position, met the rebel skirmishers, who were advancing and moving in the direction of our left, towards Devil's Den and Round Top. Firing was now commenced by the skirmishers, and minnie balls began to come too close to be comfortable. Thus it was that the men of the 29th Pa. Volunteer Infantry were among those troops that first opened the battle that was fought with such desperation and valor, from the peach orchard, through the wheat field, and in the woods, on through the Devil's Den, to the very slope of yonder Little Round Top later in the day.

About 3 o'clock P. M., and while the regiment was still lying in rear of the wheat field, a steer was killed, the meat cut up and distributed to the men, who did not have time to cook the same, but put the raw and bloody meat in their haversacks just as the order was given to move forward. Our regiment advanced in and through the wheat field into the woods. The yellow waving grain was just ripe and ready to be harvested. In the morning the well filled heads of wheat were swaying to and fro, in the bright sunlight. But before that days' sun was down in the western horizon, the dead and dying, of friend and foe, covered the ground

thicker than the sheafs of wheat would have done. While the 99th was in the woods it became heavily engaged. It was at this time that Birney's whole line was fiercely engaged. Longstreet had about three times the number of men that Sickles' had, and was moving still towards the left to outflank the 3rd Corps and gain Round Top.

Major General Sickles had been severely wounded, and Gen. Birney now assumed command of the corps and Ward of the division. The 124th New York Infantry and Smith's 4th New York Battery on the left of the brigade and near the Devil's Den were now hard pressed. The enemy made several desperate attempts to capture Smith's Battery, but were driven back with great loss, Smith sending grape and canister and the 124th New York fired volley after volley into their ranks. Brave Colonel Ellis was killed where yonder monument stands. The 99th Pa. was now taken out of the woods by the left flank, left in front, in rear of the brigade, double quick, to the extreme left of Ward's Brigade, formed in line facing the Devil's Den. On the right of the 99th was Smith's Battery and the 124th New York Infantry. The left of our regiment extended down over the slope in front of the Devil's Den to near Plum run, in the direction of Little Round Top. At this time there were no troops to our left, but some time later the 40th New York and 4th Maine were put to our left and in front of Round Top.

This monument is near the spot where our brave color guard so nobly and heroically defended our colors. Here it was just as the regiment got into position that a brigade from Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, came charging through yonder ravine, with their eyes on Little Round Top, yet unoccupied.

These rebel troops did not expect to find anything in their way



to obstruct them in their onward march towards Little Round Top, the key of the battlefield of Gettysburg. The first intimation this assaulting column from Hood's Division had of any troops being where the 99th Regiment stood, was when they came out from behind those rocks at the Devil's Den, and a whole volley of musketry was fired into them from our regiment, killing and wounding scores of their number. Some general officer was leading the brigade, with four or five regiments close en-masse, in front. Our fire was so unexpected to them and coming from a point right on their flank that it staggered and disorganized them so that they took to the shelter of the rock for some time. But again they advanced, but our regiment too advances some distance, and again drives Hood's troops behind the rocks and they did not advance any farther, while the 99th Regiment held this position. It was now nearly five o'clock P. M., and the 3d Corps had been fighting hard for hours, outnumbered three to one, holding in check Longstreet long enough for General Meade to occupy Little Round Top, with the Pennsylvania Reserves. The troops on our right were slowly falling back, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground. The fire from the enemy was now beginning to come also from the right and our position was a dangerous one. General Sykes with the 1st Division, 5th Corps, Zook and Caldwell from the 2d Corps, came and relieved Birney's Division. The 99th Pa. moved from this position we are now standing on, under command of Capt. Peter Fritz, Jr., Major Moore having been wounded, with colors flying, and in good order. In fact it was only when General Ward himself came, with a bullet hole through his hat, and ordered the regiment to the rear, that we retraced our steps and gave room for Syke's men to form. But, alas, not all the men of the regiment that were present on that

ever memorable 2d of July, and went into action, came back with the colors. Nice, Heller, Kennedy, Cummins, Bearo, Quinn, Hand, Casey, Henderson, Taylor and Moore, were a few among the one hundred and ten brave men who were killed, wounded and missing, and were left on the field amidst the rocks and debris of battle.

This fearful loss of life on that fateful day but attested the bravery and soldierly qualities, not alone of the 99th Regiment, but of every regiment in the divisions of Birney and Humphreys, composing the 3d Corps.

After retiring from the field that evening, the 99th, with the rest of Ward's Brigade, was taken to the right and rear of Little Round Top, where the regiment was supplied with ammunition and rations, and then laid down for a night's rest. July 3d, 1863, at Gettysburg, opened bright, warm and hazy. Quiet reigned after Geary had recaptured Culp's Hill at daylight, except now and then a stray shot. The inactivity of the opposing armies was but the calm before the storm that was soon to burst in all its fury, no one knew where. A little past noon General Lee opened with one hundred and forty pieces of artillery, and in a very short time every available piece of cannon from Round Top to Culp's Hill on the Union side was replying to the enemy's guns. You, comrades, that were present on that day, well remember how for two hours this terrible duel was incessantly maintained, in which the crash of the guns, the shrieking of shells and solid shot, the bursting and whirl of the shrapnell, and the flying fragments of rock shattered by the solid shot, formed a combination of terrors which the mind falters in conceiving. During this heavy artillery firing the 99th Regiment with the rest of the 3d Corps was lying in reserve to the rear of the left centre near Round

Top. About the time the artillery firing ceased, a solid body of troops, which proved to be the flower of the Southern army, Pickett's Division, eighteen thousand strong, veterans of many battles, were seen to emerge from the woods on Oak Ridge, opposite the position held by General Webb's Philadelphia Brigade, Hancock's 2d Corps. At this time the 99th Regiment was ordered to move forward on the double quick to the point of danger. The regiment got in line in rear of the 69th and 71st Pennsylvania Volunteers, just as Pickett's troops struck the Union line, and assisted in repulsing this last desperate effort made by Lee to break General Meade's line. After the enemy were repulsed here, the field in the immediate vicinity has never yet, nor ever will be fully and correctly described. In front of the stone wall, the ground was covered with dead and wounded. In the rear of the stone wall, dead horses, broken caissons, dead and wounded soldiers, made a sight long to be remembered. After this last charge of the enemy, a detail of our regiment was advanced to the Emmetsburg pike, to do picket duty, and remained there all of that night and part of the next day, Sunday, July 4th. On the 5th and 6th the regiment lay back near Little Round Top. On the 7th of July, our regiment, with the rest of the brigade, under command of Col. Berdan, Gen. Ward commanding the division, commenced the march back toward the Potomac river, to overtake Lee and his army before he crossed into Virginia, being the last troops of the Army of the Potomac to leave Gettysburg. This, my comrades, is the part the 99th Regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers took on this now historic battle-field.

Other regiments, perhaps, may claim of having done more, or suffered greater loss, but none performed their duty more heroically against greatly superior numbers, and stood up against

the iron hail and cold steel of Lee's soldiers, than did your own 99th Regiment. This monument has been erected on this spot by the surviving members of the 99th Regiment, Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Association, and their friends, in memory of their fallen comrades.

[FRONT.]	[2D SIDE.]
99th Reg't Pennsylvania Volunteers, Army of the Potomac.	Organized July 26, 1861, at Philadelphia, Pa.



From September, 1861, to July 2d, 1865.	Re enlisted February, 1864.
2d Brigade, 1st Division, 3d Corps.	Mustered out July 2d, 1865.

[3D SIDE.]	[4TH SIDE.]
In Memorial.	July 2d, 1863.
Our Fallen Comrades, July 2-3d, 1863.	Present for Duty, 21 Officers, 318 Men. Killed, 1 Officer, 17 Men.
Erected by the 99th Pa. Veteran Association and Friends.	Wounded, 4 Officers, 27 Men. Missing, 11 Men.

A total loss of one hundred and twenty men. These are the inscriptions on the four sides of this monument, simple, plain, and few the words and figures, and yet, what a record of a four years' soldier life, on the march, in the camp, and on the field of battle. A record that every one of you may well feel proud of.

The regiment was organized in July, 1861, as the Lincoln Legion. Three companies, A, B, and D, were from Lancaster county

and the other seven companies from Philadelphia. The regiment went to the front as the 32d and later on became numbered as the 99th, being one of the first three year regiments from Pennsylvania. The regiment had on its rolls during the four years' service, two thousand one hundred and forty-three men; was engaged in twenty-three battles, besides Gettysburg, where its loss in killed was from one to twenty-eight, not counting the many other engagements where men were wounded but none killed. The total loss in killed during the four years was one hundred and sixty-eight. Died from disease one hundred and twenty-three. Total number wounded in battle, four hundred and ninety officers and men, a grand total loss of seven hundred and eighty-one officers and men out of twenty-one hundred and forty-three in four years. This attests the gallantry of the regiment and the title, "The Bloody Ninety-ninth," often applied to our regiment was not inappropriate. The regiment had for its officers such men as Leidy, Biles, Moore, Fritz, Uhler, Schuh, Bonafon, Worral, Setley, Ayars, Waters, Bachman, Doyle, Kelly, Giller, Holbrook, Munsell and others equally brave and competent, and served under such tried, true and chivalric leaders as Heintzelman, dashing and brave Kearney, Sickles, Birney, Hancock and Ward, a galaxy of names that will ever remain dear to every loyal American heart.

On this spot your regiment stood as firm as these rocks themselves, a living wall of fire across the pathway of Longstreet's men on that day twenty-three years ago. This, my fellow-comrades is but an imperfect narrative of the part taken by the 99th Regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers in the battle of Gettysburg. The individual deeds of valor, and of heroism must be left to other pens than mine to more fully and justly portray.

Your children, as they come here to this modern "Meca," and wander along the slopes of Round Top, across the ravine in the Devil's Den, and amidst these silent monuments, may well feel a just pride in their own hearts at the noble deeds their sires performed on this field, the Waterloo for Lee and his invading army.

Let this granite shaft, erected here on this ground—ground made sacred by the blood of your fallen comrades, and dedicated to-day, remind the stranger as he passes by over this rocky knoll, that the soldiers of the Ninety ninth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, were true to their Country, their Comrades and their Flag.



## ORATION.

There are moments in human history when the rayon wing of fate casts its shadow across the faces of men and of events. In such a moment, when the guns of the boy lieutenant thundered from the steps of St. Roche into the faces of the Paris mob, history traced the word Empire in the ashes where it had just written Republic. And in another such a moment, when the Old Guard was fading away on the slopes of Waterloo, she erased Empire and wrote Exile.

Between three and four o'clock on the afternoon of the third of July, 1863, General Lee, on yonder slope, turning from the sorriest, sternest picture that war ever traced, said in tones of anguish to an English officer at his side, "This has been a sad day for us, Colonel, a sad day." Within that hour the fortunes of the great Confederacy had been determined. It would henceforth become the "Lost Cause," and no quality of valor, no sagacity of leadership could avert the doom: not the terrible struggling at Cold Harbor nor the desperate energy of Spottsylvania and the Wilderness.

We are about to dedicate, my comrades, with fitting ceremonies upon this celebrated field, which marks the furthest limit of the rude shock of war the North sustained—a monument that shall commemorate the resting place of the dead and the valor

of the living. To the nation, every stone and clod about Gettysburg is sacred; but to those who took part in the august events, which upon this soil, during those three immortal July days, crowned with glory the Union arms, there are spots hallowed with peculiar memories. Here this one fell and that one was wounded whom we knew in the strange comradry of arms, that seems like a dream of long ago. To the general officer, this field comes up in vision with one kind of recollections; to him the impressions that live are in the majestic sweep of brigades and divisions, finely forming for the shock, or at the word of command plunging with deafening cheers into the demoniac din of battle. To the private soldier wandering here, there come up emotions at once inspiring and melancholy. He remembers the gallant stand which brought his regiment new fame and fresh distinction on the slopes of Cemetery Hill or in the gorge by the Devil's Den. Then the mist of unbidden tears fills his eyes, as he points to the spot where a beloved companion fell, yielding up his life on the altar of his country, perhaps upon the threshold of his home—a comrade whose blanket and canteen and crust he had shared on weary marches and through wasting struggles; whose last mis-  
sive on earth had been hoarsely whispered to him as the pitiless storm of bullets broke over them, from which neither knew who would come forth to tell the heroic tale. I have often thought of those companionships of war, so tender and so faithful, and wondered that in the tales of exploits and triumphs more has not been made of the family life of the regiment, the company, and the mess—a life often rudely terminated, but always sincere and free hearted and true.

Though war may have its common curse,  
Its blessings yet are none the worse,



Nor are its ties.

For he who stood in peril's hour  
At your elbow, brings his dower  
Of confidence, that hath a power  
Which time defies.

Professed friendship must be tried,  
And sympathy may sometimes hide  
Designs for self.  
But he who sees the battle break  
And nerves his arm with yours to take  
The shock that struggling armies make,  
Thinks not of self.

The *Compte de Paris* divides Gettysburg into two fields and two battles, that of the first of July, in which Reynolds fell, and which made the concentration and alignment of the Union forces on the second day possible, he calls Oak Hill. Accepting his narrative and nomenclature, the 99th Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Infantry was present and participated in the battle of Gettysburg proper, from its inception to its conclusion: taking direct and efficient part in the two crowning features of that great engagement: the struggle on the left on the second of July for the possession of Little Round Top, and the onslaught at the center on the third, each of which might also be designated as a separate battle culminating in a separate victory. You are all too familiar with the environment, and too busy with the recollections of those heroic days to permit me, a member of another army, at that time serving on a distant field, to recount each particular act of which we as Pennsylvanians are alike proud, and the glory of which we can only share with you as fellow soldiers in the noblest and holiest cause that ever enlisted the ardor of patriotism or appealed to the promptings of manhood.

The morning sun of the 2d of July, 1863, broke clear and

beautiful upon that part of the field where we are now gathered, and when at 8 o'clock, General Ward led the 2d Brigade of the 1st Division of the 3d Army Corps, to the earliest position assigned it, there was no premonition of the terrible storm of death that was so soon to surge and sweep across the placid fields and quiet copses about us, though to the veteran soldier the silence was ominous. Nature wore her wonted serenity. If she had feelings of exultation or sorrow she gave no sign or token; the bees hummed in the tall grass, the birds sang and twittered in the trees, the grain bowing for the reaper's sickle moved in graceful golden billows, swayed by the freshening breeze of the morning. How aptly we recall Lord Byron's lines from the third Canto of "Childe Harold,"

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear drops as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave—alas !  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them but above shall grow,  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low."

As the sun rose toward the zenith and its rays seemed more fretful and angry there fell upon the ear at intervals from away off on the right the dropping shots of a skirmish line; then, by and by, the keen note of a sharpshooter's bullet indicated a nearer and deadlier foe whose lurking rifle told the practiced ear of a line preparing to form in its wake. Later the angry shriek of a shell gave warning of a position found by a venturesome battery which was feeling our line from a far off slope on the southwest; but still the dark fringe of distant woods that curtained the foe.

kept its secrets. It was noon; the blistering July sun had now become almost unendurable. One o'clock; two o'clock, still no engagement. Three o'clock; the suspense was ended, the fatal hour had at length arrived.

Lee opened each of his great attacks upon Meade on the second and third of July by a withering artillery fire. In this attack upon the left wing his artillery was most advantageously posted, and as battery after battery began firing upon Birney's exposed line it seemed as if pandemonium was loosed and earth and air were swept with iron hail. To understand the position of the 99th Pennsylvania at this time, the disposition of Sickles' entire corps would have to be delineated, which time forbids. Lee had reversed the tactics of Chancellorsville. He now sought to overwhelm the Union left and crush it; he was about to toss an army against a corps; a corps, which by a delay of orders, had become isolated from its supports; but it was a veteran corps; it had fought under Kearney and Hooker on the Peninsula and covered itself with glory at Chantilly and Fredericksburg. We shall see what became of it. History has made the peach orchard in the bloody angle of Meade's left famous. From the peach orchard to Little Round Top every inch of ground will be covered by the levelled muskets of these combatants. Every human agency will be invoked for their mutual destruction. Following the wake of the deafening cannonading came line upon line, column upon column, of the enemy. Longstreet, who led this attack, had thirty thousand men. Sickles had nine thousand. There were more than three to one. Inequality of numbers might be attoned for by desperate valor, but other fields, from Antietam to the Rappahannock, attested that the bravery of these combatants would be

fairly matched. If Sickles could hold the ground until Meade, who appreciated his peril, and was stripping his line at every point, could bring up his supports, the day might yet be saved, and the key to a great position preserved. This was the desperate chance that the waning hours of that half spent afternoon yet offered on the greatest battlefield of modern history. If Longstreet had begun his attack an hour earlier, or Meade had come upon the ground an hour later, there are few military critics who would have hazarded a prediction on the fate of that slender line. Upon the extreme left of Sickel's line, in front of Little Round Top, is a rocky knoll, which, broken abruptly on its Eastern side, forms a gorge. Great seams and fissures give the granite pile a fantastic shape, as if the sport of some Titan age had heaped it there. These rocks are known as the Devil's Den. Through the gorge passes a stream; where the stream enters it, stood Ward's Brigade. On the left of Ward's Brigade stood the 99th Pennsylvania, the extreme limit of the Union army at that hour, supporting a battery soon to be heavily engaged. An eighth of a mile beyond and further to the east is the granite spur of Little Round Top, whose bold and rugged sides rise to an altitude of a couple of hundred feet and enfilade the entire Union front. Longstreet's attack will be a failure unless he can dislodge these troops and scale the summit of that elevation. Such is the prize and such are the combatants. The battle that opened on the right almost simultaneously reached this point. You who are the survivors of that fatal day remember the death grapple with Hood's column amid these granite rocks. Had the old demons, with whom the superstition of another age peopled these fastnesses, imparted some of their ferocity to the occasion which was turning this secluded spot into a slaughter pen? Was it the

echo of their laughter which seemed to mock the fierce detonations of the guns that bellowed death down yonder chasm. If the spirits of the demons were not abroad wrestling again that afternoon, the spirits of men had taken their places. If nature had wrought a back ground for death she could not have given it a more appropriate setting than amid these weird and gloomy appointments. For three quarters of an hour the brigades of Ward and De Trobriand, unaided, here held Longstreet's line at bay. Half their numbers had gone down, still they closed up the shattered front—a regiment left, where a brigade had stood at noon day; a picket line where a regiment had been. It was fitting that the critical point in that hour's fight had been given to the leadership of Pennsylvanians. Men of other States wrought miracles of valor on that line, but the men of the 99th, like Anteus, seemed to inherit superhuman strength, because they were touching once more their native earth. While no geographical limits can be set to the heroism which the North exhibited at Gettysburg, I must be pardoned if patriotic regard causes me to advert to one other act Pennsylvanians performed on this part of the field. This monument stands upon the edge of that famous triangle of death, where Barnes, Caldwell and Ayers, fighting on front and fighting on flank, broken and crushed, still answered the cheers of rebel victory with defiance and death. But it was too much for human endurance. Sickles had been wounded. Meade had had his horse shot under him. Cross and Zook were killed; woods and field and gorge swarmed with the enemy, flushed with victory, eager with the ardor of pursuit. The fresh troops which Hancock had sent for relief to the hard pressed line were quickly enveloped and forced back. A division of regulars was next thrown

in and with their disciplined valor seemed to hold the enemy's masses in check for a moment; but they too were flung to rear by the same fearful impetus which had wrecked their predecessors. Birney's line gone long since, Humphrey's in sullen retreat, portions of three corps swept before the fierce onslaught; fragments of regiments and companies, and disordered masses of troops from the faltering line, fill the fields and roads. "It will be a rout if this business lasts many minutes more," said an officer, glass in hand, surveying the spectacle from the summit of Little Round Top, whose base the combatants were beginning to press. Suddenly, from out its shaggy sides, as if the earth opened, two lines of fire leap forth, two volleys of musketry ring upon the evening air; the rebel line falters, staggers on the verge of victory. What does it mean?

A great battle is like a kaleidoscope, the variety of its transformations are endless; it changes in an instant. General Meade, realizing that the crisis had come, now turned to his old command, the Pennsylvania Reserves, to retrieve the day, and General Crawford, their commander, seizing the brigade colors, rode along the lines, calling upon the men to make Pennsylvania their watchword and sweep embattled treason from her soil forever. The loud volleys of musketry were their greeting to the foe, and the shining bayonets gleaming in the setting sun as they grandly swept out on their perilous mission, was their answer to the exhortation of their chief. Above the sound of the cannon and the thousand voices of the struggle rang their peculiar battle cry; the gallant McCandless was in the lead, and if leader had been needed in that wild charge, none so fit. But every man was animated by a greater purpose than his calling as a soldier. On this line a burying party picked up the next day a private

in whose hands was tightly clasped an ambrotype containing the portraits of three small children, and upon this picture his eyes, set in death, had rested. The two Pennsylvania Brigades were fighting on the threshold of all they held dear on earth, one company, K, of the 1st Pennsylvania Regiment, in the sight of home, friends and the smoking chimneys of their firesides. Did any one who saw that line swiftly pressing down that slope on its errand of death, think for a moment that an equal array would sway it from its purpose. Meade knew its metal. He saw that every soldier in those brigades, catching the awful responsibilities of the occasion, grew great in soul. This splendid body of men had been the bulwark of many a shattered line in Virginia. They would be invincible in Pennsylvania.

To the worn out soldier, who has done all that human endurance can accomplish, there is one supreme moment that lives in his memory above every other. It is that moment when the succor arrives which rescues him from defeat and turns his almost fruitless efforts into victory. The powder-grimmed and battle-stained troops, still heroically struggling, clinging to stone and tree and earth itself for cover and support, on the narrow margin of the field that was left them, cheered the new line as it dashed by. The wounded forgot their anguish and waved their salutations as its splendid array swept over them. The onset has been described as terrible. The Confederate officers threw themselves in front of their men, and with drawn swords, by threat and persuasion, sought to steady their wavering ranks; but it was all to no purpose. Wherever the Pennsylvania Reserves struck Longstreet's line, it writhed like a wounded serpent, until bending back upon itself it quivered and broke and the battle of the 2d of July was ended. The 3rd Army Corps retired from the field with one-half

its effective force killed, wounded or missing. That afternoon's fight on the left cost the Union Army ten thousand men. Sickels alone lost three-fifths; the 99th Pennsylvania lost over thirty-three per cent. The night between the battles is, as every old soldier knows, a night of anguish, awaiting a morn of expectation—anguish for the dead, anxiety for the morrow. The blood has had time to cool, the springs of sorrow that were closed by the high necessities of the hour of combat well up, as he remembers one and another of the old mess or squad, whose silent, upturned faces are with the slain, or who, perhaps, are writhing in the agonies of unattended wounds on the lonely hillside, or in the dark ravine, sentinelled only by the shadow of death.

When the morning sun of the 3d of July, 1863, threw its slanting rays over the slopes of Round Top and Cemetery Ridge, it lighted consecrated ground. Henceforth the name of Gettysburg would take its place in history along with Marathon, and Marston Moore; with Wagram and Waterloo. And the issue was not yet decided. Whether Sickels was right or wrong in taking the exposed position which had involved such desperate struggling, such heroic endeavor, and such frightful slaughter on the day before, this new day was to witness the greatest blunder of the war, made by the greatest general it had yet produced. It was a magnificent blunder, and it was heroically performed, but it involved the fate of his government and dashed the hopes of millions of people. If we had time to discuss the condition of the Confederacy at this juncture of events, you would readily realize the trust committed to the Army of Northern Virginia, when it turned its back upon the Rappahannock and its face toward the Potomac. There was no room on General Lee's part to take chances. Pickett's charge was a mighty chance with the



odds against Lee. Perhaps Longstreet fitly designates it in a sentence when he says that "General Lee had lost the matchless equipoise that usually characterized him."

I know I shall be excused from adverting in this address to what has become the province of historical treatment, because of my desire to show exactly the relations which so small a fraction of the army as a single regiment occupied to the transcendent events of this memorable struggle. Every school boy is familiar with what I think has been fairly and honestly called the greatest artillery duel of modern times. It was a theory of Lee's that by the aid of his superb equipment of guns he could sweep bare the crest of the ridge occupied by the Federals, a mile and a quarter distant. For this purpose he called into battery one hundred and thirty-eight pieces of canon extending for two miles along his lines. I will give you a description of this canonading, written from General Meade's headquarters at the time:

"A shell screamed over the house, instantly followed by another, and in a moment the air was full of the most complete artillery prelude to an infantry battle that was ever exhibited. Every size and form of shell known to British and American gunnery shrieked, whirled, moaned, whistled and wrathfully fluttered over our ground, as many as six in a second; constantly two in a second, bursting and screaming over and around the headquarters, made a very hell of fire that amazed the oldest officers. Not an orderly, not an ambulance, not a straggler was to be seen on this plain swept by this tempest of orchestral death thirty minutes after it commenced. Were not one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery trying to sweep from the field every battery we had in position to resist their proposed infantry attack, and to sweep away the slight defenses behind which our infantry were

waiting? Forty minutes, fifty minutes, counted on watches that ran, oh! so languidly. Shells through the two lower rooms, a shell into the chimney, shells in the yard; the air thicker and fuller and more deafening with the howling and whirling of these infernal missiles, and the time measured on the sluggish watches one hour and forty minutes."

Gettysburg may be called a tragedy in three acts. Oak Hill and the struggle for the possession of Little Round Top were two chapters in the mighty drama. As the curtain of smoke lifted from the mouths of Meade's eighty pieces of artillery the glasses that were levelled across the valley exhibited new actors suddenly advancing upon the stage for the final scene. And what actors these were! The flower of the Army of Northern Virginia; the veterans of many a hard fought field; who bore on their persons the scars of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff; of Fair Oaks and Cold Harbor; of Malvern Hill and Antietam.

From the crest of the cemetery the line of the ridge varies, inclining in places slightly to the east, the ground sloping gently in an opposite direction for half the distance across the valley, then rising to the wooded elevation of Seminary Ridge. Hancock, strongly posted with shotted guns, is eagerly waiting to take his part in the sanguinary performance. Doubleday, with soldierly instinct, is arranging his lines to meet the impact of this tremendous column. Spread out upon the earth it has the shape that a tornado has in the heavens, that of a huge fan. It is the formidable wedge shaped Greek phalanx of Epaminondas over again. The boards of this theater, into which the quiet valley, flanked by the peaceful town, has been converted, will witness no mimicry or mockery of murder. There are watchers posted in the distant village who look down into this arena; they will soon be favored

with a giant's strength. Rome, in the plenitude of her power, with her gladiators, her gladiator games, never matched such opportunities as are gathering under their eyes to decide the fate of human freedom, in the eye of the day that America celebrates as the birth of her Independence. Strange coincidence! What a scene this hour for this great catastrophe. What a scene for Bonaparte, such as lived in fatal days. If some southern general, such as Lee, as he passed that historic line which marks the spot where he had turned his back against the eye of July, the eye of the eyes of Rome, turned Julius Cesar against the fall of Mithridates, in the light of subsequent events, days of the fall of Rome, the fall of Mithridates.

Lee's Line, the Line of Retreat, is changed with the execution of this plan. The Line of Retreat of the Confederates. The brigades that have come forward to meet the Union army, are fresh men, veteran Virginians. If there is any one in that detail of fifteen thousand soldiers, there is one in that detail of the Union army, who has been in the Union army, who was the man to utter it. The front of the Union Army was to be the silent point, and Lee, it is said, looking at the position of our supplies rising out of the Union defenses, was the general direction the column should assume. "This is the scene," says the *Compte de Paris*, "the historical, constant, the silent point, when the tide of invasion, like a snail on the strand, struck by a furious sea, no longer possessing strength enough to draw back into its shell, stops; a limit traced by the blood of some of the bravest soldiers. America has produced." At length the dispositions are complete. Full of ardor, inspired by the faultless record of their army in Virginia and by two days of partial success here, Pickett's division moves forward in magnificent alignment, with measured tread and the pre-

cision of parade, flanked and supported by his auxiliaries, thousands of muskets flash their bright barrels and gleaming bayonets in the sunlight, splendid but threatening. It was remarked that the Confederates, contrary to their usual custom, refrained from shout or cheer while their imposing line swept in silence into the range of the Union guns.

Now Cemetery Hill opens its cannon on the devoted band; now Little Round Top. The line winces, sways, but does not falter or halt. The musketry still remaining silent, "Our men," says General Hancock, "evinced a striking disposition to withhold it until the fire could be returned with more deadly effect." Perhaps the Union soldiers, as they clutched their pieces with firmer grip, were thinking of Fredericksburg, and the vengeance they would now reap for the awful slaughter on Maryes Hill. The storm of battle has been increasing in fury at every step. When the Confederates arrive within two hundred and fifty yards, the infantry, feeling the prize within their grasp, can be restrained no longer. The storm becomes a hurricane. Up to this time the cannon had only blown gaps and lanes through the ranks; now the pitiless rain of bullets sweeps away the ranks themselves. Our infantry has an enfilading fire. This gives it the effect of two to one. It is deafening; it is murderous. Turbulence and fury, the precursors of annihilation, take possession of the enemy.

"The game is too uneven," says a great historian of the war, "they must either fly or charge. These brave soldiers, encouraged by the example set by their chiefs, scale the acclivity that rises before them; their yells mingle with the rattling musketry, the smoke closes over the combatants." It is at this juncture that the 99th Pennsylvania, together with the 3rd and 4th Maine, arrive at double quick on the ground and take the position of supports

to the famous Philadelphia Brigade, composed of the 69th Pennsylvania, "Paddy Owen's Regulars," the 72d Pennsylvania, Baxter's Zouaves, and the 71st Pennsylvania—the old California regiment. There was no hope, for Pickett's charge from its inception. There are men who seem to have inherited all the mischance that life affords at their birth, so there are events. This was one of them. The point of attack selected by Lee was the readiest position on that entire field about which to group the Union army. From five to thirty minutes summoned supports that were irresistible; less than an hour would have brought every infantryman in the Army of the Potomac to the spot. They will point out to you where General Armistead, with a handful of Pickett's advanced brigade, penetrated the Union line. For a moment he stood there beneath the folds of his brigade flag, his hand upon a captured cannon, his blood stained, powder-begrimed followers at his back. But it had no significance whatever beyond the picture of a piece of splendid daring. If the bullet that struck him to the earth had spared him a moment longer he would have seen himself alone amid an army of exultant foes; behind him a trail of blood. The fan still spread out upon the earth, but a fan of corpses now. Before him ten thousand levelled muskets. If Lee, watching the slopes of Cemetery Ridge with his glass, saw the lines Meade was hurrying together, massing column upon column, he must have abandoned all hope long before a musket shot was discharged by his men. Thirty thousand would have accomplished no more, they would only have prolonged the slaughter.

I have dwelt with such circumspection upon the two great engagements of the 2d and 3d of July, because their history is your history, my comrades of the 99th Pennsylvania. Whatever of glory they contain, you share; to whatever of suffering or endur-

ance they summoned, you contributed your quota ; and this monument, which we dedicate here to-day, on the granite slopes of the Devil's Den, where Gettysburg field proper received its earliest baptism of blood, and which might be duplicated yonder where it witnessed the final agony, commemorates the deeds of a great regiment on a momentous occasion. It was your singular privilege, shared by only a few regiments of the Potomac army, to bare your breasts to the foe at the opening and in the closing moments of this mighty drama ; and as Pennsylvanians, it was fitting that the start and finish should alike attest your matchless heroism.

And now, my fellow soldiers, while to stop at this point might satisfy the spirit of eulogy, let us elevate the vision a little and look beyond this place and the mad events which jostled each other for mastery here, out into that field of speculation which Davis and the leaders of the Confederacy had commissioned the Army of Northern Virginia, upon Pennsylvania's soil, to turn into reality. It was no idle hope they indulged when they broke up the cantonments of an army of seventy thousand men on the Rappahannock, and swung the heads of these veteran columns toward the passes of the Virginia mountains. At their front rode a master in war ; in their hearts was the faith of victory. The *Richmond Examiner* confidently asserted that Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville had paralyzed their opponents. Do you wonder that they dreamed of the Southern cross swinging from the spires of Philadelphia and Baltimore, and the Southern bars floating majestically from the Capitol at Washington ? There is ever present in human affairs the unknown, and men wrestle and are beaten because its presence has not entered their calculations. The southern leaders mistook the mettle of their adversaries in the midst of their firesides.

There was another motive which prompted the Confederacy to undertake this mighty invasion of the North, whose force you broke upon the rock-girt slopes at Gettysburg. While war is raging diplomacy is silent. It waits on victory or defeat. In every court of Europe a knot of ardent secessionists were striving to influence governmental sentiment in favor of the South; St. James and the Tuilleries swarmed with their titled adherents. Ever since the recognition of the belligerent rights of the Confederacy, it had been war on the Union in disguise by both England and France. A great objective campaign crowned by a single victory, the Confederates confidently declared, would cause both these countries openly to acknowledge their nationality, with all that that term implied. At the same time, the North itself had been honeycombed by sedition, and emissaries were everywhere, apparently with a common purpose, preparing for that final tumult which one successful battle by Lee would inaugurate in all the great centres of population. Thus it happened when the Army of the Confederacy was gaily sweeping through the Blue Ridge and across the Potomac, the North had arrived at the darkest hour in the great rebellion.

If the shots of the embattled farmers at Lexington were heard around the world, the sound of the guns of Gettysburg carried dismay into every court circle of Europe. The diplomatic correspondence of that period with both England and France shows a tension that marked our relations as strained in the highest degree; a tension from which nothing but military success could rescue them. The Emperor Napoleon was in the midst of his intrigue for the establishment of his great Latin Empire beyond the seas. The Davis government would be Maximilian's ally. This alliance was his pet scheme. About ten

years ago the United States purchased from private sources the secret archives of the Confederacy. Among the curious records these contain came into its possession the diplomatic correspondence of the rebel States with their commissioners in Europe. At the time you were struggling on these hills in mortal combat, Roebuck, at the suggestion of the French Emperor, was pressing his motion in the British House of Commons for English recognition of the South. And Napoleon was entertaining Slidell in the Tuilleries with professions of the warmest friendship. That debate was cut short by the guns of Gettysburg, and these professions gave place to cold diplomatic formalities after Lee returned behind the Potomac, with his seventeen miles of wagon trains bearing the wounded and the dying of the Confederacy. Gladstone, who to-day is standing on the skirmish line of an idea scarcely second to our slave emancipation, declared that Jefferson Davis had made an army, had made a navy, had made a nation. When the news of Gettysburg was wafted across the water, the mercury that registered public sentiment in London and Paris, and which had steadily risen on the Confederate thermometer before the flame of enthusiasm that started at Bull Run, as steadily fell until it touched the hopeless zero of Appomattox. General Butler, when he summed up those stupendous losses known as the Alabama claims, gave two columns of figures for England to consider, the direct damages and the consequential damages. You will pardon me if I have dwelt too long on the consequences of Gettysburg, but no survey of this battle, however brief, can be complete without an excursion into the wide field of these influences.

I know that the soldiers of the North do not exult over the death of the brave men who fell here, except so far as it became their duty to conquer them in order that they might crush their



cause. Before 1861, the nation had learned every trade of peace. Then came its sad apprenticeship to war. After 1865, we added a new accomplishment, which no nation ever possessed before, and which we ourselves had not grace enough to practice earlier. That accomplishment was forbearance, and it has become the brightest page in national life in the world, and the newest.

One hundred and forty years ago, England had a revolution, and because she persecuted Charles Edward through every Capital of Europe, though a profligate and a sot, his name lives in the sweetest song and the richest story of that gifted age. The other day, France distrustful of public sentiment, banished from its borders "The Princes." It has sent exiles forth before, who have come back Emperors. Last April, Jefferson Davis, whose highest title to consideration in the United States is that he is "a renaisance," like Tom Payne, or the author of Shay's rebellion, undertook to make a pilgrimage to his first seat of government. He found his White House in Montgomery converted into a boarding house, his government offices of twenty-five years ago, converted into a feed store; his treasury building a grocery. Nothing to envy, hardly enough to provoke contempt. Some inconsiderate people got up an ovation. Some partizan newspapers raised a howl about "the reign of Dixie;" but most sensible persons said, "let the old fool alone," and so he plunged back into the obscurity from which he had emerged. Oblivion closed over him, and the waves were quickly smoothed out without a ripple to show where he sank. This is the biggest country on earth. In twelve months the most portentous occurrence has become stale. We have no time to persecute exploded ideas or to nurse grievances or tom-foolery, whether they be in Jeff. Davis' treason to an old-fashioned Union, or Bob Ingersoll's treason to an old-fashioned hell.

But I must close. The French nation has sent us a magnificent statue, of colossal proportions, to be placed at the gates of our commercial metropolis. That their appreciation of the great mission of the American people in human history may be fitly symbolized, they have bestowed upon this gigantic work of their most celebrated artist, the title of "Liberty Enlightening the World." It is a majestic thought and a touching tribute from the latest republic of the old world to the earliest of the new. But we stand in the shadow to-day of a mightier tribute to liberty than the colossus which France is rearing in New York harbor. Here liberty was engaged in the most desperate struggle she ever entered upon in all the travail of the ages. If Lee's forces had won in the struggle of giants here, American freedom would have remained a paradox. This valley, like the troubled borders of the Rhine, in ages past, would have become the fretted highway of armies, bent on pillage or reprisal. This lovely section of our commonwealth, the edge of a slave mart, re-enacting perhaps the scenes of Senegambia and the Soudan. It is yonder marble shaft, rising from the crowning point of this immortal field, its base sentinelled by the dead heroes who repose where they fell that in a more imposing sense represents "Liberty Enlightening the World."

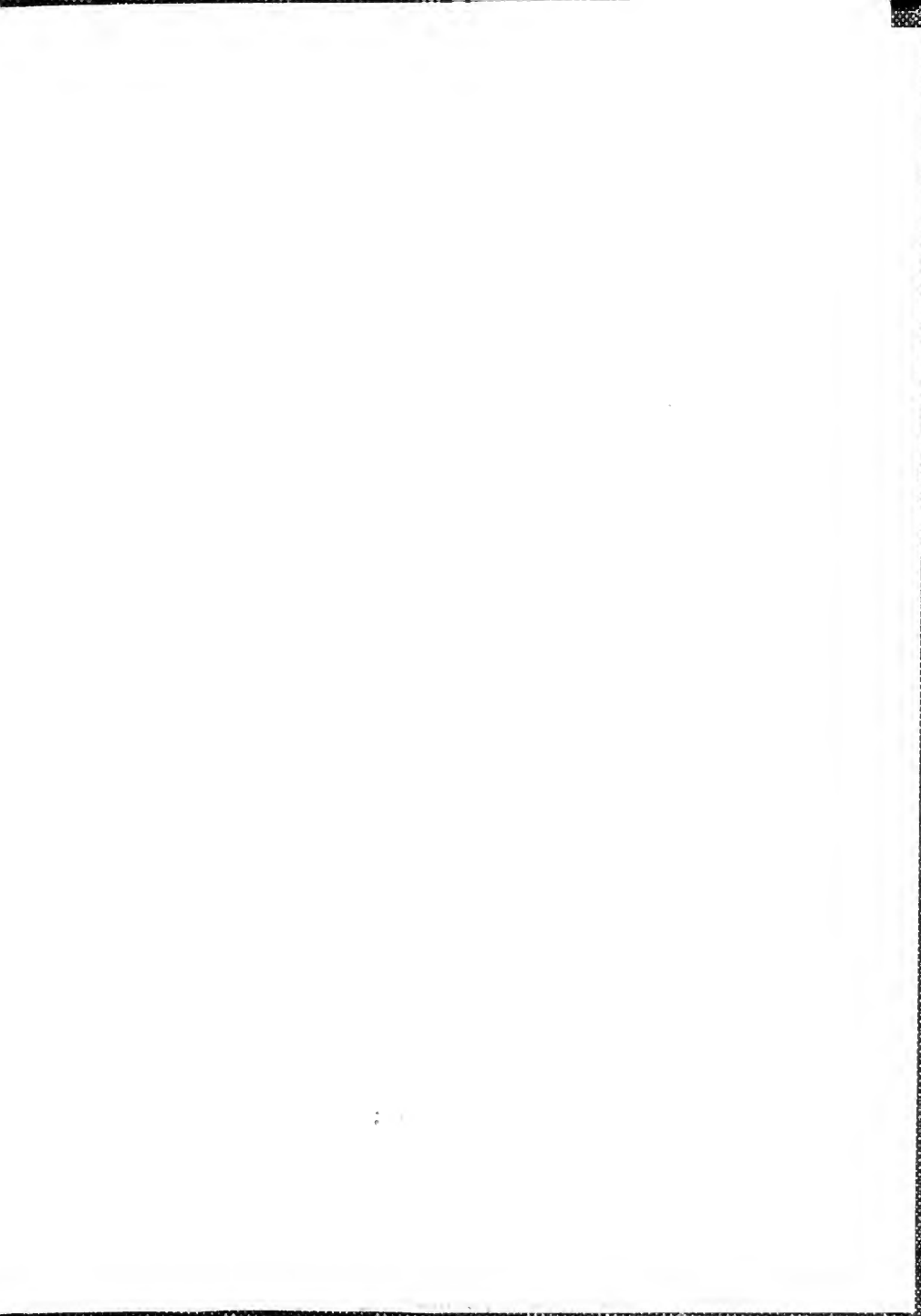
And as we rear our modest pedestal beside it how can I more fitly conclude these solemn exercises than by repeating the immortal sentences uttered here upon another occasion by that immortal man, who God gave us in the hour of our necessity,—

"But in a large sense we cannot dedicate; we cannot consecrate; we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long re-

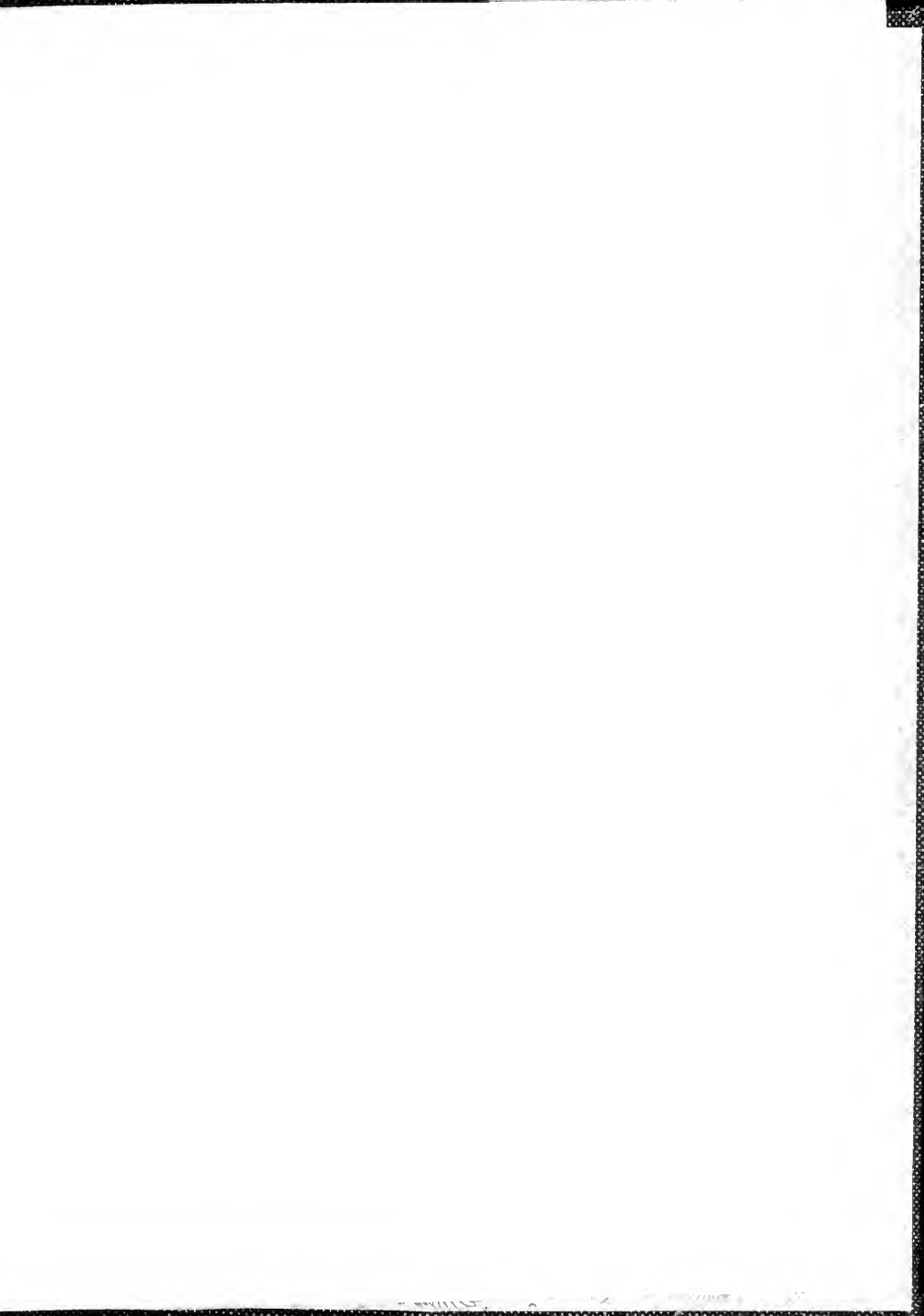
member what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause to which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from this earth."



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